“Unforgettable”

By Sara Pottebaum

I won’t forget the day I first saw you,

Running.

Running scared and nervous,

Through bushes and freshly mowed grass.

Your black and white fur was

Whipping through the wind.

Your bright yellow eyes,

Burning like fire.

Your escape path was blocked,

By enormous white hands;

Trying to capture you,

To trade you off for two blue birdhouses.

Your mother was no where to be found,

You ran aimlessly to a red Chevy truck.

Little did you know,

That very same truck is where you would end up.

Your poor little kitten heart beating

As fast as an Olympic swimmer’s race.

You release your fierce kitten hisses,

As the gloved hand reaches for you.

You roar loudly,

Just as a lion does.

There’s not a chance,

You are caught and put into a strange box.

The box smells of cheap plastic and

A towel with an unfamiliar scent.

A little brown haired girl peeks her head in front.

You release another helpless growl.

She still smiles warmly at you,

To this very day.